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Monster Exclusive Publication

MONSTROPOLIS

MONTHLY

IN THIS ISSUE

learn how to...
GUZZLE GALLONS
&
GAIN GUT

outfits to
DRIVE HIM
WILD

plus...
2 illustrated
erotic stories

AND MUCH MORE

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Erotic Pictures, Articles & Literature

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Monstropolis Monthly

Monstropolis Monthly is what could be described as a portfolio collection of art and short stories brought together in the style of a trashy magazine. Each issue will contain exclusive, otherwise unavailable fetish-based art by Slug, Calebsharpteef, as well as possible guest artists in the future. In addition to art, it also contains short stories and articles by Losian, Slug, Phoenix T'ril, and potential guest writers. All of this is contained and presented as if it were a deliciously garish magazine for monsters, by monsters, in a monster-occupied world.

Monstropolis Monthly is created and organized by a very small team of artists and writers during our free time. We really appreciate every issue we sell and would like to thank you for your support.

In the case that you're reading a leaked copy, we hope you enjoy, and only ask that you please consider purchasing next month or tossing a small donation our way to keep Monstropolis Monthly up and running.

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- The Creeps at MM

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Outfits to Drive Him WILD

By Violeta Bleaksnout

While clothing is completely optional for many species it does have it uses whether showing off wealth, status or just for a little fun! The right outfit and accessories can even help out when things are getting a little stale in your relationships- It happens to everybody sometimes!

No matter what his (or perhaps her!) preferences are you will find something here that will add a little spice or at least give you some ideas to get you started on your own, personalized wardrobe to suit their unique taste.

We will cover three classic, affordable themes that will work for almost any species- although for this short edition we will be focusing on outfits that make use of limbs whether biped or quadruped.

Conventional

A more traditional, classical look complimented by pearls. Look for a light and flowing material that is fine to the touch. It should be tight, but not too restrictive.

Lace is also an important part as it conveys a very delicate, feminine look. To amplify this affect choose light colors, nothing bold and saturated.

White is always a popular choice: It is very innocent and angelic.

Pearls can be a little expensive especially when you get into larger foreign breeds. Artificial knock offs are much cheaper and he will likely not give them more than a second look. To be honest if your budget is tight go without them!

A good thing about this particular outfit is it is popular and easy to pick up cheaply at many local stores that you wont necessarily feel odd walking into, if you're self conscious about that sort of thing.

Of course the naive and delicate look may not be quite for you, or him!

It does tend to work best for bipedal individuals without overly rough scales, carapace, or spines to snag on.

In total the complete package seen here is an affordable ₩ 350.
Artificial Flickvalve pearls are used and recomended greatly .
Supplied by Pêchewarez Co.

* Kinky *

Something a little more adventurous and fun. Leather canbe a little bit pricey at times but artificial variations can be harsh and plastic. It's up to you to decide whether the savings are worth it in the end.

Depending on the outfit and accessories you can convey eithera submissive or dominate air, Of course if you are going to try to be the boss you should be able to put everything ony ourself!

Natural colors work best with black being most popular, but every shade imaginable is available if you know where to shop.

With leather you can find many unique patterns as well, certainly with the scaled variety. Of course If you're a more sensitive sort you may want something artificial for personal reasons. Now a days they can replicate even the most exotic of leathers.

Leather is very sturdy and resilient compared to most fabrics so those of you with rough hides and various quills will get a little more mileage. Keep in mind this doesn't mean its 100% scratch and tear proof.

Leather can work for bipedal and quadrupedal, even more serpentine creatures can make use of some of these outfits.

But perhaps leather is still a little to common for you and you're searching for something a little more unique.

The Package seen here is ₩ 800.
Supplied by Domofield.

Exotic

Adopting the garbs of another culture is a fairly easy way to change things up for individuals who may not want to wear the same boring, old clothes their neighbours own.

There are a lot of options to consider to say the least. Many, many speices have adopted their own traditional outfits using various matirials and techniques from their homelands. Although some of these "Matirials" could make you a little uneasy.

This is especially true as you head further south where even some sentient creatures are harvested for particular ceremonial garbs. This may cause a little bit TOO much excitement if your partner happens to BE said species. Oops!

Unless of course he has very... Unique tastes.

Keep in mind acquiring them from their source, especially officially, is pricey to say the least, so things can quickly add up.

But the cost is usually well worth it if you are seeking something undisbutably unique and beautiful, abet an otherworldly beauty.

Yet since there is such a large variety it is hard to write any guidelines when it comes to choosing your own. Simply follow your heart and find something that really speaks to you!

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ENHANCEMENT

monthly member's member

Submitted by Fosul

It seems like October has yielded quite the monthly member! This thing looks like a hybrid of man's best fuckbuddy and Lovecraft's wet dream. This glowing blue monstrosity is complete with two means of making this a gift that keeps on giving - a wriggling bunch of prehensile tendrils to grasp and hold, and a fat knot to ensure this cock stays stuck. Hopefully this guy's lover doesn't have any urgent appoinnt-ments pop up mid coitus.

Thanks for your vile and vibrant submission, Fosul!

Happy fapping, beasties!

Have a particularly monstrous member you'd like to share with the world? Drop us a message at monstropolismonthly@gmail.com with a reference or description. If you're selected, one of our fine artists will draw a wonderful rendition of your cock for our mass of per-verted subscribers to jerk it to!

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Beware The Wizard's "Tower"

By Losian

Gay M/M | Non-Consensual | Hyper | Cockvore | Pain | Digestion | Snuff

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There often comes a time in a young monster's life where he has to make difficult decisions. Where things just aren't going right and, no matter what efforts are made, they almost always seem to fail. Certainly nothing better could describe poor Bergi's life. He was a younger monster in his early 20s, but in the more feudal times he lived life wasn't as easy as waking up and getting an education, far from it! Young Bergi lived in a small town in a age when the most amazing technologies and discoveries were held back for years as witchcraft and superstition before they could be brought to the hovels and masses. He did what most young folk do in a time of taverns, minstrels, and wenches: manual labor. Yet being a more slender monster he was, Bergi was given only the most menial and unpleasant of tasks – cleaning stables, sweeping floors, and generally being harassed and looked down upon by anyone in earshot.

He had woken like any other day, living at a small room, hardly more than a converted closet, at the local tavern. The inn-keeper, a monstrous scaled beast that loomed nearly three times Bergi's height, was anything but kind, but he enjoyed having the young Bergi around for sake of his own sick amusement at the young one's plight. Bergi had long had enough of what he had been put through, and those were the very thoughts going through his mind as he stood before the half-broken mirror he had scrounged from the garbage to adorn his tiny living space with. He peered at himself: Hardly passing a measly six feet tall, a pathetic few hundred pounds.. His coat was splotched and tawny, not thick and bristly like most, and worse yet he had the more unfortunate traits when it comes to being an impressive monster. Where others had gaping crocodilian jaws and jagged reptilian fangs, he had but a short, stumpy snout akin to some sort've warthog – which in and of itself is not bad, mind you dear reader, if not for the fact that his tusks were stumpy and round, hardly useful for goring a fruit cake, much less anything living.

And where others had large, bristling quills or thick, grisly mane, he had a large, poofy ruft of fur that ran around his neck and shoulders like some sort've slightly absurd stole. And, to top it all off, he had more articulate fingers rather than those more useful for mauling, goring, and other such pleasant things. He was different, smaller, inferior – there simply was no mincing the truth of it.

Even so young Bergi did his best to keep heart, gazing into the makeshift mirror each morning and giving himself something of a pep talk, only to inevitably return home that very same night crestfallen and defeated. But, you see, young Bergi had a plan! He was going to change everything, he soon would be living the life he had always wanted and, in doing so, would exact all manner of delightful revenge upon those who had mocked and tortured him before.

Bergi had taken advantage of one of the few benefits of being smaller, less liked, and more able-fingered, and had picked up a few useful skills. He was sneaky and, remarkably, could read. It was rare that anything got written in the first place, mind you, but never the less read he could what there was to be read. And from that very same reading Bergi had learned of the surrounding countryside, of the nearby towns and cities and, most importantly, the Wizard's tower! His vocabulary was decent enough to discover its location, and some other details about the tower: some of it's mystical traps and pitfalls, some of the grim and gruesome warnings, but he lacked the wordage to understand it all – never the less, he had decided it was to be the chance of a lifetime! He would ever so simply sneak into the tower, snag whatever magical and wizardly trinket was nearest, and then bolt for his life. Once away he would sell it for an astounding fortune and live amid a harem of monstresses for the rest of his days.

Bergi ran over this plan each morning since its creation, as he would stand there grinning at his own ugly image in the faceted glass. And so it was the very day he decided to enact his genius plan! Bergi woke up and talked himself up in the mirror as he struggled to get his poofy mane in some vaguely orderly semblance, polishing his stumpy tusks and making a few menacing faces for good measure, though they never were any more fearsome than before. But soon enough it wouldn't matter, he thought to himself!

The day went as it usually did – Bergi scooped feces and scrubbed floors in the morning and afternoon, and by evening he had been shoved, harassed and pushed around. But rather than attend to his usual nightly duties at the tavern the young monster instead made his way back to his small room, snatching up a few articles of make-shift clothing, patched together of

various dark cloths to make him harder to spot, though none of them quite being black makes it an amusing outfit. Even so it was the best he could do, and do with it he did! Bergi struck out from the tavern, even as the towering owner bellowed out into the night from the front door of the tavern.

Bergi ran off towards the forest, hearing the angry sounds of the tavern keeper behind him, causing him to laugh to himself, grinning in utter glee. This was it, he thought to himself, the sheer elation and sensation of freedom helping spur him along. The break from the norm alone helped to encourage young Bergi, and he moved at a rather quick pace, the next few hours passed right along most unremarkable. After all, even as a smaller and less imposing monster, relatively, he was still quite fearsome in comparison to most wildlife and the like.

He either had picked up a fair sense of direction from studying the books about the Wizard's tower or, if not, he was plain lucky. Whichever the case the young monster was within eye's range of the tower before midnight, gazing out over the moon-lit plains to admire the large, towering structure. Along the way he took the time to encourage himself, thinking aloud as he walked, “Beware? Beware, beware, beware. Beware the Wizard's Tower!” he laughed aloud, shaking his head as he strode forwards confidently, “What truly could be there so worry-worthy? I'll sneak and slip right in and be off with but one trinket, the wizard surely won't even miss it, and all will be well,” he spoke as he nodded to himself in affirmation.

By the time the hour had slipped beyond midnight Bergi had arrived at the tower itself. His heart beat wildly, his pulse raced, his every breath he could hear in his own mind. He was nervous, as he should be – he wasn't exactly a life-long thief and filcher, but he'd make do. He had to! Now, it was worth noting that the tower was not the more usual Wizard's Tower one might be accustomed to. It was a tower, naturally, so as not to be misleading in its nomenclature, but too it was something of a house, which simply branched upwards into a massive spire of marble and stone. Bergi's studious reading of the books, to the best of his ability, had given him the best clue on how to proceed. Ground floor window, grab whatever is nearby, and get the fuck out.

He crept closer, moving right over to the western wall of the large, square-base of the tower, which truly did look just like a pleasant little cottage, but only if one had taken an enormous Rook-shaped piece from a chess set and slammed it down into the middle of the structure! His heart raced even harder, even faster, as he slowly slinked right up to the window, the young monster's slender digits reaching up to grab at the bottom frame and give it a tug. Perhaps to his own amazement the window slid open – and as it did, there came no howls or screeches or alarms. No blasts of fire and brimstone or frost and rime. Just as any mundane, ordinary window would slide open, it had.

It boosted his confidence all the more, the young monster hurried hefting the window open enough for him to lift himself up and push right on through the half-open portal! He kicked his legs up and jumped right through – yet on the inside his large, clawed feet did not find floor, not right away, anyhow. He fell at least twice the distance the window had seemed to be from the ground on the inside, his form plummeted right down to land in a heavy, sound heap with a thud! It also caused a few cracks and groans from his joints, all punctuated by a muffled yelp from him as he hit the floor. He immediately turned his head, glancing back up at the window. From the inside it was about a half-dozen feet above his head, whereas outside it had been shoulder-height, at most!

Bergi cursed to himself under his breath, feeling a brief wave of panic overcome him – but before he completely fell into despair he shook his head, steeling his resolve. It was too late go to back, he had no choice but to press on! And it was at about that point he finally looked around the room itself and saw, reassuringly, what he had come for. Trinkets, artifacts, tomes and grimoires, amulets, rings: treasures of all sorts! Some of them occasionally pulsed with magical light or blinked out of or back into existence. It was as if Bergi had slipped right into the most perfect room of all in the entire place for such a thing! He had long planned what to do and quickly set into action – one could spend hours, days in fact, enthralled by such magical things, so he reached out and snatched the nearest object, a smooth, fist-sized sphere of green jade, and quickly turned back to the window, so he could best figure out how to reach it.

Alas, no more than a dozen seconds after the sphere had been swiped the room was hit by what sounded like an enormous crack of thunder! A surge of light poured through the room before receding. Bergi felt his heart jump into his throat nearly, as he began to turn his head, but before he could there came an eerie, cracking voice, uneven and unpleasant, which spoke simply, “Stop.” And he did.

Bergi found that he stopped quite completely in fact at the utterance of that word. His legs and armed had ceased to respond to his efforts, his head stuck half-turned to the side with his body in a most awkward pose. And with it came a pause, followed immediately by a cackling laugh, “Aaahehehahaaahhhehe.. Turn.” And again, his body did as was spoken, letting his gaze smoothly rotate along with his body until, just of the corner of his vision, he could see a strange, towering monster.

This monster, one might could safely assume, was likely the sorcerer of sorts which resided within the strange tower. And he was a menacing creature indeed – his features were gnarled and grotesque, his grin wide and unsettling, with fangs aplenty to accentuate his rather demented visual features. The wizard's jaws parted as he snaked forth his large tongue, letting Bergi watch as it traced along his glistening dark lips,

“Name?” the wizard said. “Bergi,” the monster responded, to his own surprise. His lips moved of their own accord, the breath insisted from his lungs to fuel those sounds without any effort on his part. The sorcerer strode forwards, peering intently at the young monster with a nasal snort, “Hnf. Purpose?” he spoke again, “Theft.”

The wizard's eyes went positively wide as Bergi had spoken that unfortunate truth, causing the demented creature to cackle, “Aaahehehahh! Theeffffft? Ohh yess. Yes, yess. I see. Hm,” he remarked, as he gingerly snatched the jade orb from Bergi's grasp and replaced it upon its proper spot. “You see, ah.. Bergi? Yes, Bergi it was, I believe. Yes, Bergi! Bergi. Bergi, Bergi, Bergi. I am forgiving, I am kind and nice and pleasant and sweet, but only to those who do not do such unscrupulous things. Had you wandered in here by mistake, by accident, by chance, perhaps you would leave here, but not by accident, no, that would make no sense. You would leave intentionally. Of course. What sense would it make otherwise?” the wizard spoke as he tilted his head quizzically, as if he was not the only one speaking. “Hmnf, anyhow. A stupid notion. The point is, Bergi. Bergi, Bergi, Bergi. You're mine now.”

The wizard spoke those final words with an unpleasant absolution, “And you must realize, Bergi, dear dear Bergi of mine, that it is most lonely here. I could just make things to fuck, but that's no fun now, is it? Hrmm? No! No, of course not.” The towering monster peering at his captive and nodded, and that mere act caused Bergi's lips to move again, speaking, “Of course not,” in agreement. This caused the wizard to nod again, “Yes! Of course not! I did have a recent visitor, mind you. She was fun. But they don't last long – they never do. Nor will you.” the wizard again spoke, his tone entirely flippant, casual as could be, even as poor young Bergi felt panicked uncertainty run through him.

“Down,” the wizard spoke, and again Bergi's body moved of its own accord, dropping straight onto his knees, his neck turning to face forwards, which gave him a view of the large, twisted monster he'd never desire. The wizard was, by any measure of the word, hung. The sorcerous monster's package hung fat and low, slapping nearly between his knees, if not slightly beyond. The wizard's sheath was nearly as fat around as his own waist, in fact! Yet even more unusual was something Bergi noticed, what seemed to be an almost.. squirming or struggling within the wizard's heavy, pendulously sagging ballsac, but the low light made it somewhat hard for him to confirm that oddity. “But! But but but, first. Introductions. Dear Bergi, I'm the wizard. The sorcerer. Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. You can call me 'Misvar.' Well, rhetorically you could. You can't literally. You can't really do anything right now, obviously. I'm sure you figured that out. Yes?” he inquired, wide eyes darting briefly over to his captive, as Bergi's lips moved yet again, to speak, “Yes.”

“Yes. Yes, of course. Of course, of course. Mnhf! Anyhow. Yes. Misvar! Misvar the.. ah, fuck, you know what? The subtitles bore me, and you've surely got better things to be doing! So, without further adieu.. Ah.. Bergi, was it? Yes, Bergi! Bergi, Bergi, Bergi. Here you are, my dear Bergi – do please meet my dick,” the wizard hisses those last few words as he saunters forwards. With the younger monster already upon his

knees Bergi finds his face suddenly smothered in an absolute fashion by Misvar's groin. The wizard's thighs mash in along either side of his face and squeeze down nice and hard, clenching around his snout and lips tightly, which forced Bergi to breathe in, and quickly begin gagging and retching upon, the rich musk of the strange sorcerer. This, in turn, made sorcerer laugh softly even as he continued to indulgently grind his hips back and forth against Bergi's face, grinding the bottom of this unbelievably-wide sheath along the young monster's face, smearing of layers of grime and musky fluids in a most indulgent fashion, “Nrhn.. yess. Yes yess, good.. We'll just get.. ahh.. warmed up a bit.. make some room for you and.. nrnhh.. get right to bussinesssss.. my dear, dear little.. Bergi! Aheh! Heheeehh!” the wizard cackled a bit to himself as he drew back, which caused thick webs of musky, sweaty fluid to hang in strands between Bergi's slopped face and the wizard's junk, so much so that he had to reach down, sweeping his spindly digits through the tacky webbing to break it off, gathering it upon his digits as he spoke, “Open,” before reaching to stuff the salty, sticky glob of gathered fluid, if it could be called that, into Bergi's open jaw. The young master felt his body spasm, heaving and gagging immediately as his tongue was smeared with that musky substance.

The wizard stepped away just a touch, enough so that he could lean forwards and angle his hips downwards just a tad, guiding the trunk-wide sheath to pulse right in front of Bergi's face, “Ahhehh.. open.. ah.. wide!” he remarked, causing Bergi's already widely-opened mouth to open a bit wider still, his small, blunted tusks jutting off to either side and his eyes wide in magically paralyzed fear. Misvar spent the better part of a few minutes as he shimmied his hips this way and that, taunting poor Bergi while seeming to take an absurd amount of time aligning his ponderous package to the young monster's gaping maw. All at once, apparently pleased, Misvar shoved his hips forwards, mashing the enormous tip of his furry, filthy sheath up to Bergi's spread lips, even wedging it slightly into the young monster's jaws with a heaved grunt of delight. The wizard's hands reached down to grab at his own package, kneading over his couple-foot-long sheath to begin excitedly jerking and stroking over it, bucking his hips back and forth in the process. Bergi could have sworn he heard something at that point, a soft and muffled noise, some other creature's cries.. but he was soon distracted from that consideration as Misvar reached down, one hand clutched to one of Bergi's tusks as the other cupping the back of his head.

The wizard plunged forwards harshly, causing that wide, long sheath to be wedged into Bergi's jaws, the puckered tip of the sheath's opening nestling against his throat. Misvar grunted and shuddered, squirming his hips, bucking against Bergi's face a few times, as he growled out, “Heeere wee gooo..” beneath his breath in a panted tone. Bergi felt a startling thickness creep up through that sheath, one that started by wedging his lips open wider, pressing into his mouth, straining his jaws..They ached, sore as could be, then worse yet.. “Almosssttt! Here it comes!” Misvar growled out into the air, even as he pumped his hips forwards a few times more. The straining in Bergi's jaws grows intense, unbearable, until a sudden pop! Sensation hits the young monster, joined by a sigh of blissful delight from Misvar, and a searing but thankfully brief surge of pain for the poor creature. The sudden taste of flesh spilled into Bergi's jaws, and a remarkable bulge was suddenly visible, even beyond that of the sheath wedged into his mouth – it bulged his cheeks out even further and, seconds later, was stretching out his gullet and throat, causing the young monster's airway to quickly become blocked. “Nnhhh! Ss.. So soorryy, little Bergi! Sometimes.. mrnhfff.. mouths are a little.. smalll for me, you see..” Misvar remarked offhandedly, even as he suddenly slid his hips back.

Horrifying as it was, Misvar pulled back a foot or so, but still had Bergi's jaws painfully gaped, so much so that the wizard had to take a few steps back to withdraw entirely, leaving a long, threatening trunk of glistening dickmeat that twitched in front of the young monster's face ever so rudely. But worse yet Bergi felt more discomfort as soon as that flesh had pulled from his mouth, his jaws simply hanging open weakly – but it wasn't from the wizard's magic, not entirely at least, but as much because his jaws had been dislocated by the sheer girth, “Don't worry, you still look absolutely.. ahehehh.. ravishing! Haaheheeh. Calm down. It won't matter long,” Misvar said, again with that same tone of utter casualty. He was giving Bergi a moment to admire what throbbed before him, the width and length of Misvar's dick every bit as imposing as anyone would think, based on the bulk of his sheath and testicles, the latter of which were hanging lower and much more smoothly rounded, by now, Bergi was sure of it.

But again the young monster was given little time to consider that, for even during that moment of admiration Misvar had given the young monster he was excitedly stroking and caressing at his enormous shaft as best as he could. Misvar's length jerked and jumped, bouncing upwards and then back down to its nearly level-with-floor angle, the best erection the massive thing can manage considering. And because of all that eager masturbation Misvar was doing poor Bergi's reverie was anything but, after just a few seconds, the wizard's head tilted back with an impassioned groan as a thick, several-seconds-long pouring of fluids blasted from his gaping meatus, splattering over Bergi's face and chest. Misvar ended that first shot of preseminal fluids with a heavy groan and a panting, as if it were his orgasm in and of itself, or had at least taken a similar toll on his body. But a few seconds later it was clear he as anything but done – Misvar's hips tensed up, almost seeming to seize up from the intensity, his back arching as another long pouring of fluids hosed down Bergi's face and chest, even as it splattered over his shoul-

ders, oozed down along his body, and soaked his every fiber. And worse yet the fluid was thick – astoundingly so, in fact. So thick that by the time it had started to settle within Bergi's jaws he found he couldn't even wiggle his tongue, so goopy and glue-like as the stuff was. It took merely a minute or so for Misvar to absolutely soak young Bergi from head to toe, and then some, as he finally stepped forwards, mashing his twitching, oozing tip right up to the monster's hanging-open mouth, “Hnnn.. Yesssss.. Fuck yesss, little Bergi.. ready to do this? Please try not to die just yet, I prefer to eat when you're still alive,” the wizard grunts out, before his arms reach out, just barely capable of reaching any part of Bergi's face to grab onto, before his hips lunged forwards again, grinding that meat into Bergi's dislocated jaw, forcing them spread wide again and plunging straight down into the young monster's throat.

Misvar didn't stop there, however, his legs stepping forwards as he shoved deeper, angling Bergi's head upwards so he could thrust down into the other monster's body, cramming his meat into the other's throat and neck, down to his very stomach, “Hghrraaah.. ohHhh.. ss.. still ww.. wi.. with.. mee? Hhaaahnn.. I can see you are.. yesssss..” the wizard groaned, his eyes wide and wicked, his expression one of twisted, mad pleasures as he lets his gaze lock with Bergi's, even as he began to jerk his hips awkwardly back and forth, grunting and groaning the entire while. Worse yet, Misvar's sheath throbbed and twitched before disgorging what could only be described as an ungodly double-knot, one that would have seemed more fitting to be used upon four-legged beasts than even the biggest of two-legged monsters, but by some stroke of utter fortune he seemed remiss to not put it to use, instead bludgeoning the bulges up against Bergi's helpless features over and over – the wizard even helping things along even moreso as he reached down to grab around Bergi's stretched neck, bulged around the wide flesh, so as to literally masturbate himself while face-fucking the younger monster. It went on for a mere few minutes at that point before Misvar's jaws gaped wide, baring his many fangs to the air as he let forth a snarled, crackled hiss, entire body spasming from head to toes, fingers painfully dug into Bergi's face and neck all at once.. the already massive shaft bulging fatter as the wide tip disgorges another massive, long-lasting blast of fluids! But they're even thicker, even heavier and more glue-like than the presperm that still hung in strands from Bergi's body and connected to the floor.

Misvar's orgasm railed hard, the first shot alone bulging out Bergi's stomach dramatically. The second flooded through his insides, causing the poor monster's guts to ache and gurgle before he felt a strange pressure within his ass followed very shortly after by a burst of that gluey cum slopping from beneath his tail onto the ground below.. By the fifth shot the fluid was backing up into his throat and neck, gurgling up into his jaws and flooding his sinuses, oozing from his nostrils. Misvar never breaks eye contact, staring in sadistic glee, even as poor Bergi's eyes widen further and start to loose focus, before finally rolling back into his head as darkness overtook the young beast.

…

Perhaps to Bergi's surprise, however, he suddenly came to sometime later, his eyes blinking, his body moving just a bit, feeling elation at the ability to once more move his digits and toes, his jaws closed shut rather than hanging strangely open.. Yet sadly his situation hard only just barely improved, and that was likely to be temporary. He blinked his eyes a few times, staring at Misvar's back as he was lead down a corridor of sorts – stranger still was that he was upside down, suspended in air! Bergi's body was hovering above the ground, obediently levitating right along behind the twisted wizard, who was oozing goopy trails of disgusting fluids all the way down the corridor, before he stepped into a large room, making a few gestures before turning to face Bergi. “Hhaa! Awake, awake! Awake already, are you? Goodness. I'm not sure whether to feel excited about that or pity for you. Hns! Well, I'm certainly glad you survived thus far, most aren't able to puke up that much of my sperm from their lungs fast enough not to drown in it, ahehehh! You know how it goes, eh?” Misvar remarks. “I would tend to your jaws but, as I mentioned earlier, it won't matter for long, dear Bergi! Sorry about that, hmn?” the wizard offered with a faint shrug. “I do hope you enjoyed that little, ah.. meal, though,” he added with a soft laugh, the wizard shifting a bit as he guided Bergi's levitating body over to a large, perfectly waist-high table, gesturing as the young monster's form fell onto is harshly, his head dangling over the edge. Misvar reached down to grab at his dick, guiding the tip to twitch and bounce heartily, lined up perfectly with the top of the young monster's head, such that he couldn't quite see it, but he could feel it's proximity, throbbing and hot. “She was fun, as I said, and I bet she went down smooth for you, too, hmrmn? Maybe not in the same way as for me.. or that you're about to,” Misvar murmured out, leaning forwards at the hips so he could bring his arms to grab at Bergi's shoulders.

And with that the wizard's hips thrusted forwards, grinding that enormous cocktip right against the top of Bergi's head, his dislocated jaws bound together with a strap of cloth just to keep them shut for the time being as the wizard's twitching meatus poured out a long, gooey wad of fluids, coating Bergi's head anew.. and then, with a growl beneath his breath, Misvar thrusted again, harder! His dick's tip pushed and shoved against the top of Bergi's head for a few seconds before the looming sorcerer snarled in delight, his tip yawning as it was forced to stretch out and around the upper portion of Bergi's head all at once, “Hrhrnnhh! Hrhrurhh.. aaahhhh.. FF.. ffuucckk! It never feels any less good,

poor little Bergi.. grahh.. fuck fuck fffuucck.. in you go, dear Bergi.. nrhrh.. it's only fair you replace what you.. rhrh.. took!" he cackles out again, though the sound was cut short by the stuttered groan of a creature awash in bliss.

A few more thrusts was all it took to bury Bergi's head completely within the wizard's shaft, the flesh throbbing and clenching wildly around the young monster. Bergi had found he could indeed wiggle his limbs and digits, but has quickly discovered why it didn't matter – he had been coated so thoroughly in Misvar's disgustingly thick fluids that he was essentially cocooned, coated from head to toe in inches-thick layers of that disgusting sperm, apparently processed recently by merit of the demise of some poor female monster, and such was to be poor Bergi's fate as well.

Misvar wasted no time – he had toyed and taunted and fucked, and it was then time to feed. His grasp worked down along Bergi's body bit by bit, helpfully tugging and pulling, jerking the young monster deeper, though at the same time he was cautious to let his cock do most of the work. The same muscles and reflexives that helped to push forth gallons of fluids at the time worked, if in reverse, to tug the squirming, muffled creature further within, and in mere moments Bergi's body was halfway gone, the wizard's shaft visibly distended, contorted around the writhing, helpless monster within! Misvar grunted in delight as each moment slowly slipped past in the process, reaching down to grab at Bergi's body, squeezing in impassioned lust, even digging his fingers into the younger monster's loins, stroking at his sheath, feeling around to find Bergi's heavy ballsac and gripping them, roughly squeezing, pulling and jerking the younger monster's nuts around just to keep his prey jerking and squirming, though it also brought a fresh bout of subtle vibrations and muffled noises as Bergi tried to vocalize his displeasure at the situation.

A few moments more passed as Misvar reached both hands beneath his trunk of dickflesh and hefted upwards, turning a bit so he could lean against the nearest wall to better brace himself, huffing and grunting as gravity then began to help things alone, Bergi's every squirm and wriggle drawing him deeper all the faster. His last minutes passed as he sank further and further, while Misvar let his body slide down along the wall until he was sitting upon his ass, leaving his cock jutting out in front of his body and his nuts smothering the floor before him. The wizard's head was leaned back, staring at the ceiling in indescribable bliss that he drew from this unusual and twisted act. He had begun to tense his muscles, intentionally drawing Bergi in all the faster, the poor monster's feeling just a few scant last seconds of the outside world before the wide meatus clenches strangely behind his feet. At about that same time Bergi's head pushed against some slight barrier of sorts within Misvar's anatomy, a powerful muscle that spasmed and pulled him inwards, depositing the first foot or so of his body down into the wizard's very nutsac. Not that Bergi was sure of that fact himself, but Misvar was, watching with rapt eyes as his latest intruder was devoured down into his large testicles.

They stretched and visibly swelled around his prey, snug enough that Bergi's features quickly became apparent in the soft, musk-glistening flesh, to the point that Misvar reached down to grab at the monster's face within his balls, pressing the flesh against his face from the outside, feeling the contours of the panicked young monster's visage grimly. The wizard even went so far as to tug away the bit of cloth binding Bergi's dislocated jaw, letting his mouth gape open in a fearful expression of horror, one that the sadistic creature Misvar never gets tired of. He grabs and clutches at Bergi's face with both hands as more and more of the young monster's body was fed into his ballsac, "Hhgrnrr.. ffffuuccckkk.. you fucking delicious little beast.. grhrha.. look at you.. nnh.. so cozy in there.. you're about to be sperm, Bergi, and nothing more.. ururhn.. just like that bitch you swallowed earlier.. I'll feed you to some other poor dumbass that thinks they can steal from me, or tries to cheat me out of a few coins! Ahehehhehhh!" Misvar's cackle was cut short by a staggered moan of ecstasy however as his entire body spasmed hard, causing him to arch against the wall he was seated against, his hips bucking up into the air a few times, all thanks to Bergi's body fully slopping into his nutsac, a fact punctuated by the sudden stream of precum pissed forth into the air from Misvar's cockhead.

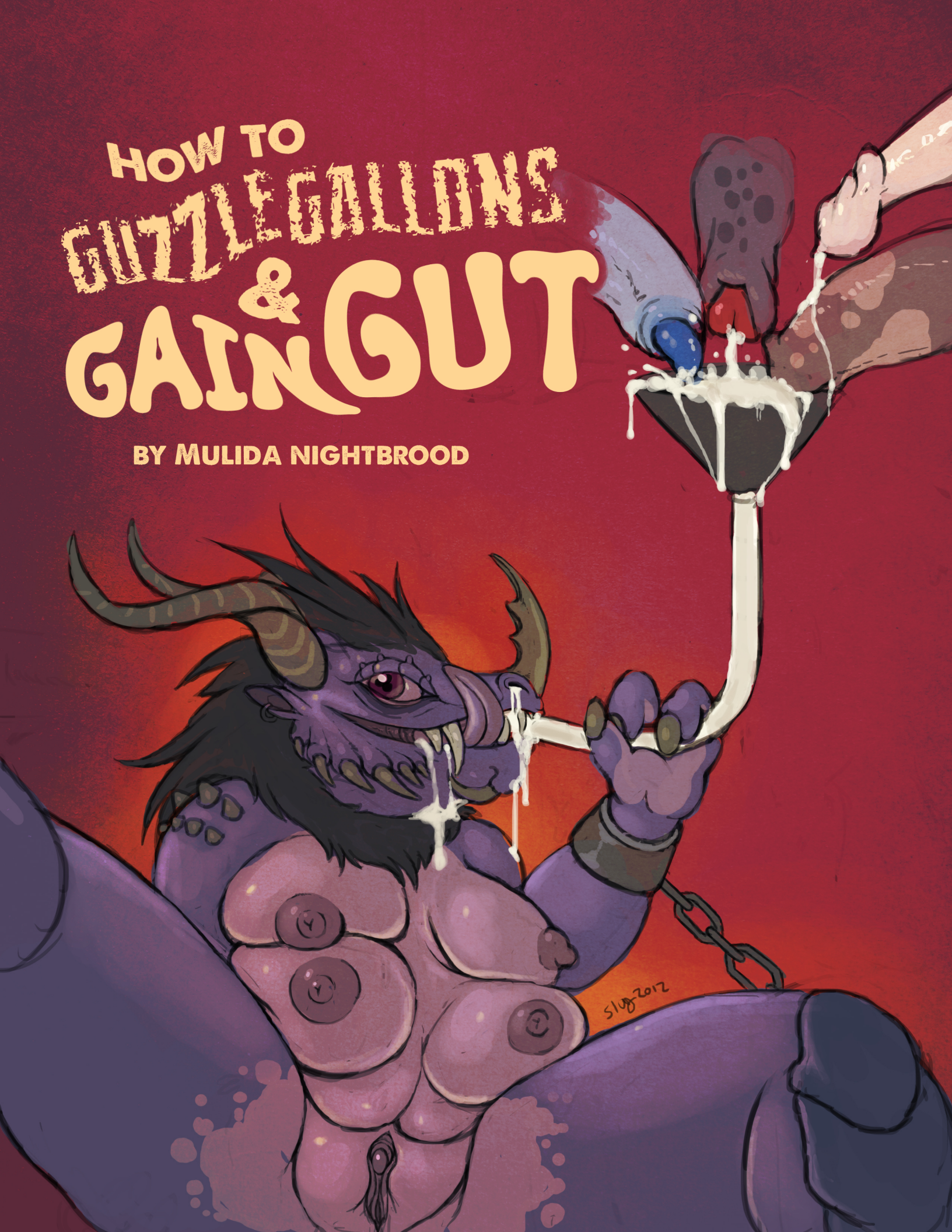
Bergi has a few moments to writhe and squirm around as the fluid dried semi-solid around his body seems to melt away into the more fresh sperm within Misvar's ballsac, but poor Bergi's freedom doesn't last. He wastes what little energy and oxygen he has thrashing and squirming around, his fingers and features visible as he tries to find some measure of escape where there is none.. And even as he does, he becomes more panicked, breathing faster, beginning to hyperventilate, making him light-headed. It's a grim cycle for sure, as it merely fueled young Bergi's fear and panic, redoubling the affect, all of which pleased Misvar all the more to behold, before suddenly he reached down to grab at Bergi's face through the stretched flesh of his nutsac, squeezing hard at the young monster's throat, cutting off his already restricted airflow, toyingly suffocating him from the outside for a few seconds before releasing, instead moving his digits to the more important task of masturbation.

Meanwhile, within, Bergi's head spins as the young monster fights as best as he can, assaulted from without before within, but that too soon began.. He felt a strange tingling which quickly built to an unpleasant itching, then a burning, before then a searing, agonizing pain! The young monster's very flesh was eaten away, dissolved bit by bit, some areas going faster than others, meaning that muscle, sinew and bone were quickly to be assaulted next. The only mercy of it all is lack of oxygen for poor Bergi, who passes out earlier

earlier on in the long, gruesome process, though even if he had managed to hold his breath longer those dangerously digestive sexual fluids would work their way into vulnerable places and simply eat away at everything that kept young Bergi alive.

Misvar was busy masturbating himself furiously, staring at his ballsac, watching every twitch, every squirm, as slowly his orbs grew fatter, fuller, and more round and less defined of any shape by round, liquid fullness.. As the last minutes of Bergi's existence stretched on the wizard's eyes went wider, gasping with each touch to his own flesh, grunting and hissing with anticipation, all while he squeezed and stroked himself.. he knew it was near, the summation of the entire strange act, watching his nuts twitch and throb less and less from the struggles within.. Misvar held his breath, biting his lips, as one hand slid down to grab and knead over his own knot excitedly, “Nnrhrhr.. aaahhrr.. c'mon.. HhnSNSsss.. die you little fuck..” he snarled out through clenched fangs, watching the last bits of squirming and struggling within his ballsac cease, at which point the lustful and predatory wizard simply loses it, jerking his head back so hard it slammed against the wall with force enough to bruise as he wildly jerked himself the last few times to milk forth another enormous orgasm, his cumslit gaping for long, gallons-worth shots of sperm that blasted against the ceiling, the poured forth and shot over the table, hitting the floor a dozen feet away, bringing the sick monster utter pleasure.. but he was careful to save some of poor Bergi, or what he had become anyhow, for his next 'guest.'

How to Guzzlegallons & Gain Gut



By Mulida Nightbrood

It's no secret that the world favors those with plump frames these days. Blubbery rolls, big tits, and slick hides stretched around abundant fat is what we crave. You've tried diet after diet, gorging yourself 'til you're sick, setting your alarm at regular intervals throughout the night to get up and grab a snack, making sure to get at least an hour of downtime every day. But it's tough. Your prudish, conservative family invites you over for healthy, balanced meals, and work keeps you up and on your feet throughout the day, burning precious calories that could be turning into luscious pudge.

If you subscribe to this magazine, we already know you're as dirty as they come. What if you could pack on pounds doing what you do best - by sucking down excessive amounts of jizz? We both know it's already on your agenda, so why don't you take a moment and learn how to maxamize the benefits of these calorie-rich indulgences!

First things first. Just how fattening is a male's orgasm, anyway? Well, let's take a look at the numbers. You must keep in mind that everything varies by the species of monster you're going down on and his diet. But as a place to start, there are approximately 5 calories in your average teaspoon of semen. Let's say your guy cums around the average size for a healthy adult monster - about five cups. If you manage to guzzle all of it, you've choked down a nice, beefy 1200 calories.

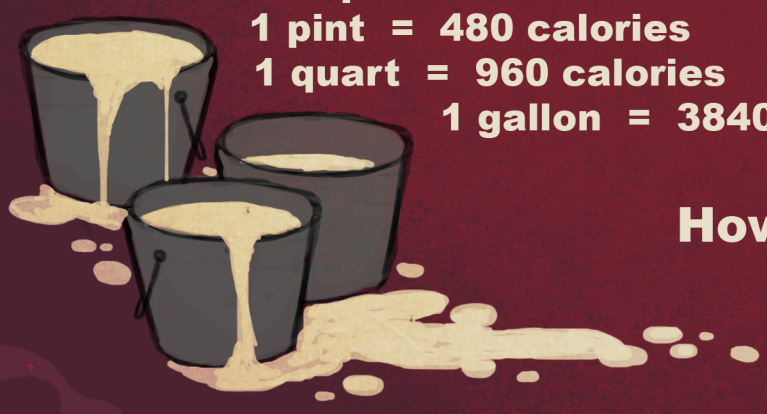
Obviously, 1200 calories a day isn't going to cut it. In fact, if that's all you consume, you're likely to lose weight, not gain it! So what's a poor, skinny gal or guy to do?

1. Suck him off three times a day - once before each meal. If he's as dirty as you are, this will be a welcome change to his day. Work a day job? Have him meet you in the parking lot on your lunch break, or vice versa. If you both work a day job, consider getting friendly with some sleazebeast at work in a bathroom stall. It's also a great way to build social relationships and make a monotonous job more thrilling for both you and your partner of choice.

2. Encourage him to maintain a high-fat diet. What's better than one fat monster? A couple! No matter who does the cooking in your household, introduce the idea of adding more calories to your daily meals. Not only will this help you reach your own weight-gain goals faster, but his juices will be a lot heartier in terms of calorie content.

3. Get the guys together for a jizz-binge! There's nothing more fun than a Friday night with booze and bunch of fat, rigid cocks, slick, slimy, spurting, and ready to blow. After you're all sufficiently hammered, have 'em gather 'round and jerk off into a beer bong for you to chug down like the cum-hungry abomination you are. Remember our numbers? Just five guys could provide 6000 calories or more!

1 teaspoon = 5 calories
1 tablespoon = 15 calories
1 cup = 240 calories
1 pint = 480 calories
1 quart = 960 calories
1 gallon = 3840 calories



How many calories are in your mate's load?

4. Fuck the midnight snacks - give a midnight blowjob instead! Some critters are pretty hard sleepers, you might even be able to roll him over, grapple his member and milk him right in his sleep without interrupting his precious slumber.

5. Get a pet! Exotic, four-legged monsters are more varied in their "nutrition facts", so to speak - do your research and take in a loving, big-cocked brute to help supply those extra calories. The local adoption center will love you for it, and your pet will love you for it for other reasons.

6. Suggest a semen-production supplement to your male. While more than a few scams exist, there are several legitimate brands that do an effective job of doubling or tripling his load, as well as thickening the consistency (which means concentrated nutrition for you!). He'll feel extra sexy strutting around with two fat, full orbs, and you'll get a much richer, more plentiful snack out of it.

There you have it! A few tips to get you started on this fun method of packing on those pounds. No matter your ultimate weight gain goal, this can help you get the results you want more efficiently and effectively.

Happy guzzling!

Crocodile Style

By Phoenix T'ril

Straight | Consensual | BBW | MILF | Gushing

"Ardra, I don't think that this is a good idea."
My fiancee glared across at me from the driver's seat. "I said we were going to meet my parents, and we're going to meet my parents. You're not going to get out of it this time."

I fidgeted in the seat, not a small order for someone as large as myself. The annoyingly smooth leather of the seats below me felt strange on my thick, reptilian hide. I hated taking her car.

"I hate taking your car." I said, finding something to complain about.

"I wasn't going to drive all the way here in that jalopy that you call a car."

I twisted my long muzzle, opening my jaws slightly just so I could snap them shut again in indignance. "Don't talk about my car like that!" I cried, with a snort. "It has feelings too."

My future wife glared at me again, her rhinocerine snout tipping down slightly. "You're kidding, right? Honey, I have 'feelings', if you'll remember, and they get bruised every time I get in that thing."

"Your hide is as thick as mine!" I grumbled, "Thicker, even! Doesn't bother me."

"I know that it bothers you." She said, smugly. "You never walk right after you come home from work. And if you've been driving it for any length of time, you don't do anything else right either."

"Performance issues? Me?" I gawked, training both amber eyes on my fiancee. "First I've heard of it."
"We're selling it. I promise you can buy something else later." Ardra glanced over at me, as she flipped the signal, twisting the steering wheel over to make the turn down her street.

I grumbled still as I looked out the window. It was raining, not much more than a drizzle, but with clouds that promised much more, very soon. I dreaded the thought of spending the night here, if the weather closed in. I don't think my poor balls could take a night apart from...

I twisted my long, toothy muzzle back from the window, and looked over at my fiancee. Ardra was beautiful. Rhinoceran snout, thick grey skin, smooth and flawless, except for a couple of rough patches. Her long ears stuck out through a greasy mane of blackish-grey hair, which came down to the back of her neck in careless tangles.

Short tusks poked out of either side of her short, rough muzzle, where something else had blended into her ancestry. Something that kept her zaftig, not gargantuan, and gave her an appreciation for good red meat now and then. This last bit was especially important, as a carnivore myself.

Whatever her ancestors had fucked, it gave her a figure that was modestly thick, fertile, and cleavage that was as deep and magnificent as the Grand Canyon, all enough to make me swoon. I was sorry that magnificent valley was stuck under that white blouse she was wearing, though the neckline gave a hint of what lay beneath.

Ardra kept her horn filed short, much to my relief. She was fiery and determined, where most would think her lethargic and lazy like other prey herbivores. She had certianly surprised me, when I had met her. Those big blue eyes...

"We're here." She said in a little sing-song, making the last turn into the driveway of a large, opulent looking house. Two stories and sprawling magnificently, the house seemed larger than anything else on the block. It took me a moment to realize that the ceilings on each floor had to be ten feet high, with the way the windows stretched across the walls.
I stared out the windshield, past the van's wipers.

"Goddamn, hon. You never told me your parents lived in a place like this."

Ardra rolled her eyes, climbing out of the van with a grunt. "Don't expect too much," she grumbled, as she heaved herself to her feet. "They always said I had to 'prove I could make it on my own'."

"Doesn't sound very charitable." I frowned as I stretched on the other side of the van, shutting the door. A six hour drive was a bit much for one sitting. It was a bit cool out here, even given the rain, and I zipped up my jacket over the thin button-down shirt I was wearing. I desperately wanted my heatlamp.
"Yeah, well, for all that, doesn't mean I don't love 'em, chillything." She said, with a chuckle. "C'mon. I'll introduce you to the folks."

We climbed up the expansive, expensive marble front stair and Ardra knocked on the door, taking a deep breath while she awaited the response from within.
When the door opened, there were two people behind

it, one far larger than the other and both of them substantial enough to fill up the frame of the entranceway. I didn't even get a decent look before one of them lunged out.

"Ardra!" The attacking figure cried, in a husky, but high-pitched voice, grabbing up my fiancee in a bear-hug. "It's so good to see you!"

"Dam...? Dam!" Ardra squirmed in her grasp, voice taking on a pleading tone.

"Oh! Pardon me, dear, I didn't mean to embarass you in front of..." The tall, heavy rhinoceran woman trailed off as she retreated, and then her head tilted to give me me a once over, appraising like one would a cut of meat.

I tried to hold my snout up straight, pulling my cheeks back into as much of a smile as I thought I could get away with, with my rows of exposed teeth. "Ma'am."

The woman was built like my wife to be, everything she had and then some, but she had to be one and a half times the size of Ardra. The doorway was almost nine feet tall, and the immense woman was seven or eight if she was an inch.

She wore a dress, an evening gown that seemed to suit her immense frame surprisingly well, shimmering indigo against gray skin, straining around her bosom. In comparison, my dear Ardra was modestly dressed in slacks and a white blouse, with her jacket overtop; the abrupt contrast in style made me do a double take.

I also felt distinctly out of my league. The dress Ardra's dam had decided to throw on for a casual dinner probably would have cost me a month's pay, and she wore it extraordinarily well.

"Oh, you don't need to 'Ma'am' me, you silly boy." She belly-laughed, laying a hand on her substantial husband's chest. He glared at me mildly past his sharp, twin horns, jutting up from the end of his muzzle, smartly dressed in a shirt and woven sweatervest that must have taken an acre of wool to put together, though he was only slightly taller than me. His mane was shockingly white, and hers shockingly black.

I glanced at my fiancee's salt and pepper hair. Mystery solved. It also seemed that my fiancee got her sire's height and her dam's generous proportions. That suited me just fine.

"Well, aren't you going to introduce us, dear?" Ardra's dam simpered, arms folding demurely in front of her prodigious chest.

Ardra rolled her eyes, but I could see the hints of a smile at the corners of her mouth. There was no hiding how much she loved her parents, even though it was obvious they were capable of driving her insane. No wonder she'd moved down south so far.

"Dam, sire," Ardra began, formally, "This is Mazzi, my fiancee. Maz, this is my dam, Jira, and my sire, Uthon."

“It's lovely to meet you, Mazzi.” Jira replied easily, with a bright smile. Her tusks gleamed sharply in the porchlight, as did her horn.

Uthon grunted, looking me up and down, and then turned away from the door to head back into the house.

“Oh, don't mind him, he'll warm up to you eventually. Come on in, dinner's almost ready!”

Dinner went uneventfully, a fact for which I was very grateful for. I had prayed to whatever gods would listen that Ardra's family would go easy on me at the table, and it seemed that they had listened after all.

It turns out, their table manners were even more atrocious than mine. While a relief, this presented a new problem; I couldn't stop chuckling every time I watched them gnawing on a bone. I still had a hard time imagining that they could eat meat, but apparently they did so with aplomb.

“Ardra mentioned that you worked in an office, but didn't say what?” Ardra's dam said, around a leg of lamb she was scraping her tusks across.

Ah. I had been waiting for this. Until now, the dinner had been all small talk. Now that I had been fattened up, it was time for the slaughter. The dreaded inlaws' interview.

“I work in an office at a manufacturing plant.” I replied, with whatever much of a smile I could coax out of my crocodilian muzzle. “I do shipping and recieving, accounts, that sort of thing.”

“Ah! That sounds quite...” Jira searched for a diplomatic word. “Relaxing!”

“It is, most of the time. I'm working my way up to corporate, though. There's a position opening up at head office, 'district support manager'. I'd be responsible for five plants, rather than just one.”

Jira pursed her lips, and grinned at her daughter. “Goodness, darling, I had no idea you had found someone so ambitious!”

Ardra chuckled and shrugged, “Well, you know me! Always looking for the easy way up!”

Jira rolled her eyes and pointed with the leg of lamb she was still holding, half denuded of rare meat. “That's nonsense, young woman. You've found yourself a fine, upstanding gentleman of a crocodile, and I'm very proud of you! Mazzi seems like a fine young man on the inside.”

“Thanks, dam.” She replied, her face relaxing into the first genuine smile I'd seen all night.

“Now, dear,” Jira continued easily, “If you'd be so kind as to take your clothes off, we'll see about the outside.”

I nearly choked on the rib I was trying to eat, sputtering messily over my plate.

Ardra's face hardened in an instant. “Dam!” She cried, leaning over the table. “You said you weren't going to do this!”

“Oh, come now, dear. You can't possibly expect me let this go.”

“I can so! This is my fiancee, why are you embarassing me like this! It's so archaic and old-fashioned, dam!”

I cleared my throat. “Uh, excuse me. Forgive my rudeness, but what the hell are you guys on about?”

Jira and Ardra both looked at me like I had grown two

heads. The dam spoke first.

"It's tradition, dear! Didn't Ardra tell you?"

Ardra closed her eyes and sank her face so far into her palm, I thought it would disappear forever.

"No?" I replied weakly, sensing I was treading on thin ice.

"What tradition?"

"Oh, Ardra, you didn't even have the sense to let him know what to expect." Jira scolded, with a frown.

I looked at the other end of the table, where Ardra's sire sat completely silent, picking at a rib himself absently. He looked completely unfazed by the discussion around him. I wondered if I was hallucinating, or having some sort of episode.

"Maz? Maz."

I could hear my Ardra calling, and refocused on her. "Uh huh?"

"Listen, I know it's weird." Ardra explained, gently, though I could hear the irritated edge in her voice. "It's a tradition in our clan, going back like ten or twenty generations, that the dam of the family has to 'examine' all new additions to the herd before they can be formally joined."

She'd rattled it off like she'd read it out of a textbook, and now turned to stare daggers at her dam. "It's an archaic practice, and I thought we were more sensible than that." Ardra's dam rolled her eyes. "I've never been with a croc before! If he's good enough for you, he's good enough for me. If that isn't the case..." She shrugged, helplessly. "Then I guess he's not good enough for you either."

I had heard of plenty of weird mating rituals before, especially amongst the non-humanoid species, but to experience one of those quirks firsthand was quite something else. I suppose it was what I'd gotten myself into by moving here. I figured I'd be safe, dating a woman from a family that was relatively normal.

Surprise!

I took a deep breath. "Is that all I have to do?" I said, steeling myself.

"Honey? Honey, no, nono, you don't have to do this." Ardra reassured, insistently. "Right? Dam? Not going to do this, right?"

Jira carried on, ignoring her daughter. "Well, I wouldn't say it's the only thing, but it's certianly the biggest 'obstacle'. Everything else is pretty much a formality, and we tend not to stand too much on ceremony around here!" The huge woman chortled, sending her chest wobbling. "But this tradition's been observed by every member of our family for the last three hundred years, and I intend to abide by my ancestors' wishes, gods rest their souls!"

"And, um, your husband?" I cringed at referring to him in the third person, while he was sitting at the other end of the table, but he seemed totally uninterested. In fact, the whole dinner, he'd barely said three words to anyone.

"Oh, our family's marriages are always open. Uthon and I came to an understanding a long time ago about that." Jira nodded, sagely. "Come on, darling, quit stalling. Uth, dear, would you mind clearing the plates?"

Uthon nodded, and astonishingly, got up and started clearing plates one after the other. I watched mutely as the huge, sweatervested rhinoceran padded lethargically around the table until he had scooped up every plate in his fat-fingered grey hands, and subsequently plodded off into the kitchen. I sat dumbfounded until I heard a clattering of plates and the sound of running water.

I looked over to my fiancee after he'd gone, where she sat on my left, staring in disbelief over at her dam. I followed her gaze back across the table, where Jira's gaze lay fixed on me, in expectant anticipation. "Well?"

I fidgeted and pushed back the chair from the kitchen table, with a squeak on the hardwood floor. Slowly, I started to unbutton my shirt, pulling it open across my chest. "For the record, this is really weird. But if this's what it takes..." I trailed off lamely as I pulled the shirt open, pale green scales glinting in the light across my chest.

"Do you really have to put him through this?" Ardra prodded at her dam, again, though the defeat was evident in her voice. It was clear she didn't really have much of a choice in the matter. She didn't seem upset, either, just annoyed.

"For the record, darling, this is exactly what your sire went through, to be a part of this family. And his sire before him, all the way back. Stop being so possessive! It's not becoming." Jira narrowed her eyes minutely, as she spoke. "Besides, if you lighten up for five seconds, it might actually be fun!"

"For you, maybe." Ardra sighed, taking a long drink of her wineglass. "I just get to sit and watch."

"Well, you don't have to, you know." Jira said, pushing her chair back and getting to her feet. Before I knew it, she'd tugged down both of the straps on her shoulders and was reaching back, pulling at the buttons down her spine until they popped open, shimmying out of the dress.

Ardra shook her head and looked over at me with an apologetic shrug, taking another long drink of her wine. I shook my head right back and chuckled, "I don't need to tell you how much I love you, right?"

Ardra smiled and shook her head. "I know, chillything. It's not about that at all."

"Certianly not!"

I turned to look back at Ardra's dam, whose dress was sitting in a discarded pile at her ankles. Her dress had apparently been the only thing she was wearing, and now I was presented with a pair of enormous breasts pushed out over her substantial stomach, with a wall of thighs touching together beneath her pouting, surprisingly prominent sex.

Jira's nipples were a glossy, dusky black, capping each titanic grey-skinned breast with a plump, tender peak, each heavy breast wobbling every time she so much as moved. She stood with both hands on her hips, apparently completely comfortable with being

naked at the dinner table with a complete stranger.

"It's certianly not about love." Jira continued, matter of factly. "It's about tradition, respect, and celebrating a new addition to the family. Now, come on then."

She curled a finger in a come-hither gesture, and then strode out into the living room, humming happily to herself. By now, I had gotten my shirt off, but I stopped dead upon seeing that tower of impressive grey. I certianly enjoyed the company of larger women, after all, I was with Ardra. But her dam was in another category altogether.

I followed her into the living room, fumbling with the button on my pants until it relented, shoving the khakis down my thighs. My boxers followed a moment later, not about to lose my chance at my fiancee just because I didn't live up to her dam's expectations.

My genital slit was already puffy and swollen, the scales around it reddened. I knew it was more out of need for my wife-to-be than anything, but I was sure that wouldn't stop Jira from taking it as a sign of appreciation. By the time I and Ardra arrived, she was sprawled out on the immense couch majestically, one leg propped up on it with the other resting on the floor, sprawled like Venus across a divan, albeit a very large one.

Her breasts were immense; if she were more my size, they would have probably been an E cup, with the rest of her frame chubby and solid to match, but with her being a full head and neck taller than I...

"Just going to admire the view, Romeo?" Jira crooned, with a little laugh. "Go ahead, I don't mind. Everyone always spends the first few seconds just gawking. Our kind isn't exactly common where you come from, I'm sure. Also, I hope it's not too warm or cold for you. 'Chillything' is a funny nickname, but I appreciate that you're more sensitive than most."

I blinked at her courtesy, and wondered what Ardra thought of that; only she had ever called me 'chillything'. "Oh. Uh, no, it's fine. Really. I tend to tolerate it pretty well."

"Well, come on, then!" Jira laughed, patting her thigh. "You certianly look like a fine fellow, let's see if you fuck like one too."

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Ardra rolling her eyes as she sat in a nearby chair, nursing her wineglass. "Do you have to be so crass, dam?" She muttered, even as I slid onto her dam's lap, spreading her thighs wide.

Jira was no small woman, in any respect. I began to worry. I was large enough for Ardra, but I could tell Jira was far more substantial.

I was surprised when Jira's hands dove between my thighs, putting a crashing halt to any sort of sensible thought, and started firmly grasping, teasing around my genital slit. I couldn't help but gasp and shudder at the contact, aggressive and probing as her fingers sought out her newfound prize.

I spread my legs as much as I could between hers, looking up to catch her grinning down at me around her tusks. She carried right on groping and kneading eagerly even as I moaned and squirmed on the end of her fingers. My shaft twitched, blood pumping into the flesh she was so hungrily seeking, readily pushing out to meet her touch. She didn't recoil at the sticky, clammy sensation on her hands, or the relative coolness of my exposed flesh, taking advantage of the former to lubricate her probing explorations.

One by one, she wrapped her fingers around my emerging, bulbous, crimson length, until they could all knead and pump the length of sensitive flesh as one.

I shuddered and bucked forward, trying to keep thoughts of my dear Ardra out of my mind. This was all terribly weird, that I was certian of, but if this is what it took...well, how bad could it be? I gave over to grinding into her touch, letting out a low hiss between my teeth.

"Oh, you do hiss, how exotic." Jira mused, delightedly. "It's a pity you can't really kiss with that snout of yours. No matter."

Jira's hands found their way to my rear, and pulled, and all at once I was hauled atop her. Her enormous breasts wobbled in a ponderous mountain, spread out below me. I couldn't help but grin and dive into the abundance of cleavage, putting to use some of the tricks I'd learned on Ardra.

I twisted my snout, and scraped my teeth one at a time, back and forth along her breasts, tugging at the durable grey flesh, cupping the soft, pillowy flesh to my snout with my clawed hand.

Any other species would probably have found it excruciating, but I found that it took drastic measures to elicit proper responses from my girlfriend, with her thick skin.

Fortunately, drastic was something I could accomplish. Jira immediately gasped and began to moan open-mouthed, biting her lip after a few seconds to stifle. Her hand grabbed behind my head, pushing me wantonly into her cleavage.

I opened my mouth and closed it around her left breast, my muzzle letting me reach almost halfway up the heavy orb of flesh. I slowly, carefully dragged my snout back, narrowing my eyes in concentration. As I withdrew, I set each tooth pointing out the side of my muzzle scraping past the tender, plump mound of her nipple, sending line after stinging line of needle-like sensation across the thick skin.

It was Jira's turn to squirm under me, one of her hands squeezing and gripping behind the base of my shaft, digging into my sensitive genital slit. The other cupped and ground its palm around the blunted, spade-shaped tip of my cock, bending my stiff, jutting pisshole around. I shuddered, concentration faltering as her fingers dug deep, almost painful in their intensity.

I gave as good as I got, making sure her nipple got spike after spike of croctooth drawn across it. I could feel it hardening into a fat nub against the side of my tongue, when I flicked the agile muscle out to meet it.

"Oh, fuck!" Jira moaned loudly, trembling like a leaf

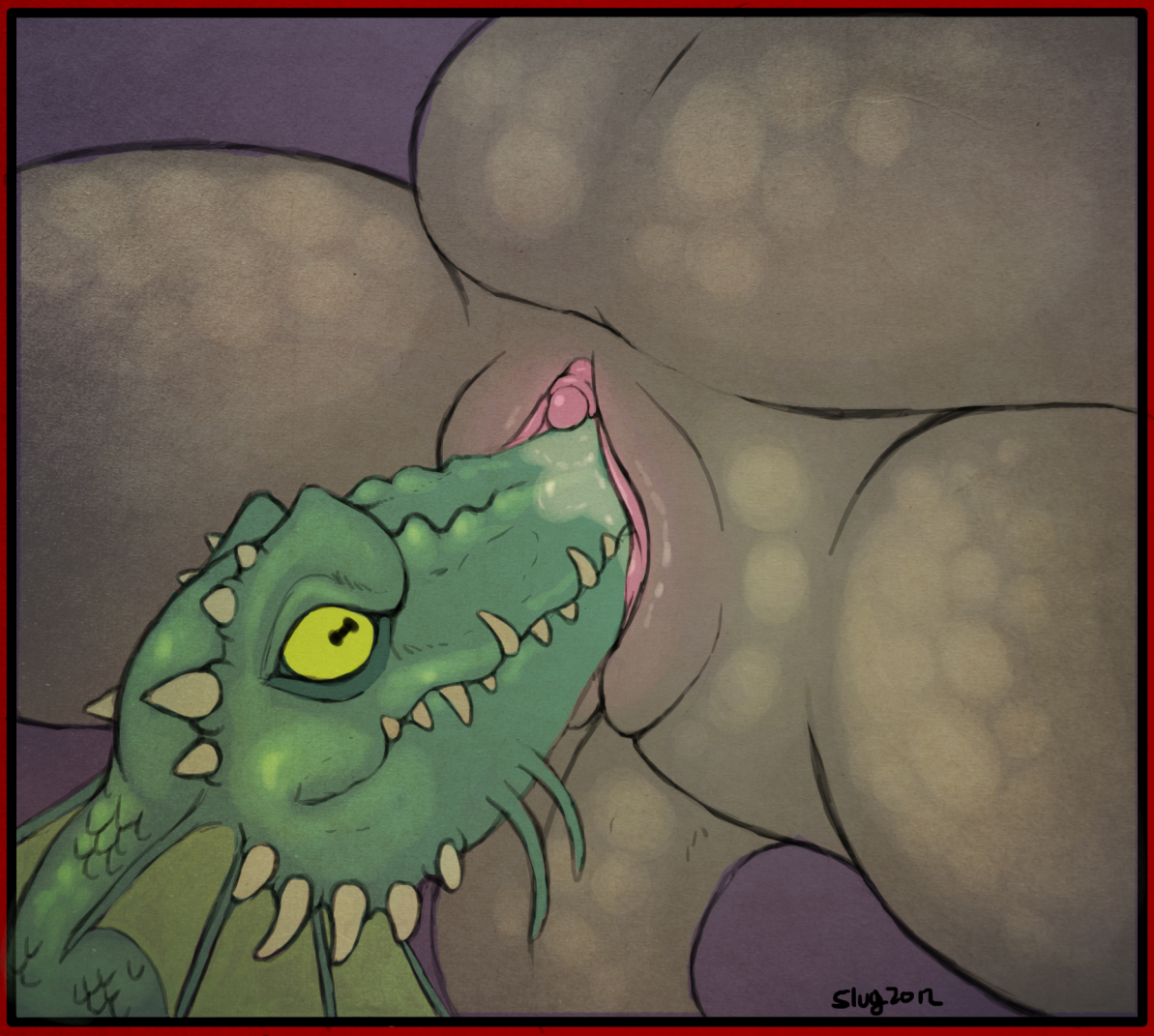
and squeezing at my cock. “Those fucking teeth, oh, oh, harder, fuck!” She cursed, making me blush.

Ardra never used such language. In fact, she was remarkably quiet; her restraint, if anything, made it hotter. I could always tell when she was in ecstacy by her breathy silence, losing herself in the moment almost tantrically.

“Fuck! Fuck, yes!”

Her dam was somewhat different.

I gnawed on the tough-skinned, immense breast in my grasp, digging my sharp croc claws across the tough grey hide of the rhinoceran woman writhing beneath me. The hide dimpled, but didn't break, and she fairly shrieked in delight at the tender ache that resulted from my teeth's passage.



I blinked, and paused for a moment, as something occurred to me. Then my cheeks pulled back in a grin, and I popped my muzzle free of her breast, giving it a parting nip at the end of her long, puffy nipple. Jira twitched sharply at the sensation and whined huskily at me, opening her eyes to peer down at me. “Why'd you stop?” She complained, mildly.

“Because I'm going to try something. I don't think my cock's gonna cut it, but I've got a better idea.”

Jira's head tipped curiously, but she had the good grace to keep her questions to herself while I pushed myself further down the couch, towards her lower quarters. Once had I slid down her belly and came to rest between her thighs, I started nosing between her thick thighs with my lengthy, scaled snout.

I could smell her, sharp and musky, slightly sour as opposed to the sweetness of her daughter. I didn't mind, either way.

My tongue probed at the puffy, slightly pinkened cuntlips, nudging in between them at the more delicate folds.

My claws scraped down either side of her thighs, inside, then out, then back in again, dragging the points firmly along Jira's skin, making her squirm and giggle. Meanwhile, my tongue was soon followed by the rest of my snout, nudging at her cuntlips. All at once, Jira seemed to realize what I was about to do, and spread her legs as wide as she could, panting hotly. “Oh, oh, yes, do it!” She tittered, giddily.

I grinned at her encouragement, and twisted my muzzle, starting to push it into the lips of her sex. My nostrils slid in first, the rough scales around them scraping at the entrance to her cunt. She squealed loudly and panted, and I could feel myself stretching her out lewdly.

I had never dared to try this with Ardra, she was too small for anything but tongue and claws and cock, and maybe just the tip of my tail if she was feeling adventurous.

But, now I knew Jira was made of sterner stuff.

I pushed forward insistently, and Ardra's dam squirmed around me, letting out stifled moans and whimpers that finally broke through into open, mindless cries and curses. My snout slid inside of her deeper, one agonizing, delicious inch at a time, until half of my snout was imbedded inside of her. A little further, and I felt my snouttip bump at the entrance to her womb, making her jerk a little above me.

I paused; the last time I went too deep with Ardra, she had swatted the end of my nose rather hard to let me know. But after a moment's breathy tension, Jira wrapped her legs around my shoulders and squeezed encouragingly, letting out incoherent moans.

Her thick thighs cupped around either side of my snout as I began to move, drawing the rough edges of my snout across the entrance to her sex. Some nudging with my claws, around the top of her cuntlips, and I at last uncovered the nub of her clit, a treasure that I firmly angled my snout against the next time I pushed into her.

Jira shrieked again as soon as I did, and I felt her clamp down in a sudden, sharp spasm around my muzzle. Her orgasm came quickly and stickily, pouring against my chin and sputtering down her thighs, a rich, salty, slightly sticky fluid that ran in weak spurts. She wasn't even done when she eagerly gripped around my head, and demanded more with a husky groan.

"Fuck me, Mazzi, and don't you dare stop until I tell you to." Jira ordered, her voice shaky with lust. I peered out of the corner of my eye, and saw that Ardra was sitting astonished in her seat, staring in disbelief at the scene in front of her. I shrugged with a lame grin, and then started to move.

Jira let out a frantic cry as my teeth plucked one after the other against the sides of her sex; the way they protruded out either side of my muzzle, each was like a little dagger scraping across the sides of her cunt.

I had gone slowly at first, but now, Jira was demanding more, squeezing her thighs around my snout, gripping it with purposeful kneads of her powerful muscles. The magnificent woman had done her Kegels, and it was more than apparent in how she milked my muzzle like a ridged, scaly cock, scraping the durable, fleshy inner walls of her vagina greedily.

I gave her every inch that I could, ramming my head forward and pulling it back just as quickly, growing less and less disciplined with my teeth until I heard Jira hiss through her teeth. There. That was the edge she needed, to feel just right through her thick skin. I knew from experience that Ardra's skin had surprising toughness, even in sensitive places. The trick was finding the balance, and now I had it perfected.

I craned my neck, turning my head to one side, and kept my pace steady and my aim true, plunging smoothly into her sex, letting the scaly ridges and sharp teeth pluck and tug at her one after the other, twisting so that none ever struck the same place twice.

I could feel her building rapidly around me; the spasms were growing stronger, one little climax building on the next in a pattern I'd grown to know well. Ardra was exactly the same, and I knew precisely how to push her on. Each wave, I pushed higher with a nudge of my snout, digging my nose in against the top of her sex, sending wracking spasms through Jira's body.

My claws closed around her thighs and pulled, leaving welts in the durable, rhinocerine hide of the immense woman, even as my teeth dragged long, piercing lines of sharp heat into her cunt, spreading her depths to their limits.

"Oh, fuck, fuck, oh...ohhhh!" Jira moaned, incoherently, her hips trembling above me. I could feel her hitching, and then her body bucked and thrashed, arching violently into the cushions beneath her. Her sex clamped down around my snout, and a fresh surge of her juices splashed down my face, filling my maw with her rich flavour.

I couldn't help but enjoy myself. Bringing such pleasure to another person was a deeply, deeply fulfilling feeling. Moreso if it meant I got to keep doing it to Ardra. I enthusiastically eeled my tongue out between my teeth, as much as I could, licking and slurping up every drop I could find.

My muzzle plunged into Jira's sopping, puffy cuntlips again, and again, until the spasms finally relented, and her body signalled its defeat with a low, shuddering sigh, her body still mildly quaking with aftershocks from her powerful climax.

I pulled my muzzle back slowly, prompting a long, reluctant squeeze of her thighs around my head until I finally escaped from her, my whole snout glistening with her nectar. Even then, she kept twitching her thighs together, her hands roaming over her lower abdomen. I reached up and gingerly wiped some of her essence off with my hand, and grinned awkwardly around her stomach, peering up over it. Jira was staring at the ceiling, but as my muzzle popped up, her eyes caught the movement and lowered to focus on me, peering past her filed-short horn. She grinned right back and started to laugh, squirming into the cushions pointlessly.

"Oh, Ardra dear, I'm so jealous," Jira said breathlessly. "Your sire might have the biggest cock in the city, but this one's got style."

Ardra squinted at her from across the room. "Uh. Good to know?"

"Oh, come on, Ardra, you've heard me talk about your father before."

"No, I mean," Ardra paused to laugh. "I already know that. I'm the one marrying him, after all." She grinned a little, appearing a little more relaxed. Whether that was because I was finished muzzlefucking her mother, or the fact she was on her fourth glass of wine, I wasn't sure.

I was happy to see her smiling, either way.

Jira's hand patted my shoulder. "Up you go, darling." She admonished, gently. "I think that more than satisfies my curiosity. I won't deprive my daughter of the pleasure of your newfound randiness."

She was admittedly right; I was insanely hard, cock jutting out from my slit, an angry purplish red. I blushed at myself and stood up, chuckling awkwardly. "Ah. Um. Yeah."

"Go on. Guest bedroom's upstairs." She sighed, grinning lazily, sprawled majestically on the couch. "I'll be juuuust fine. Uthon will be here in just a minute to finish what you've started. And he'll probably be a bit more friendly, later on, now that you're on equal footing."

I arched an eyeridge, and glanced over at my fiancee

for some sort of support or explanation, only to find her already at my side, carefully nuzzling at my chin with one of her tusks. Without a word, she practically dragged me out of the room, leaving behind a very satisfied rhinoceran woman, waggling her fingers in a wave.

I waved back, and then helplessly stumbled upstairs.

Maybe this family won't be so bad after all.

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Artists and Writers for Monstropolis Monthly

SLUG

Slug is a freelance artist/illustrator who works in a variety of mediums and styles. With a particular penchant for the monstrous and maligned she heads up the Monstropolis project, and in doing so contributed all of the graphic design, page layout, typography, and more for the magazine. Although all of her work in Monstropolis is digital Slug also enjoys dabbling in the non-digital media, even if such opportunities are somewhat few and far between.

resident artist

Page Credits

1 (text & design), 2 - 3 (all), 9 - 10 (all), 13 (art), 18 - 20 (all), 25 (art), 28 (all), 29 (design)

www.furaffinity.net/user/slug

LOSIAN

Losian may not consider himself a 'writer' per se, but moreso just someone who writes from time to time. He has done a bit of commission-based writing and, of course, plenty of more personal and roleplay-focused writing endeavors. He co-founds the Monstropolis project alongside Slug, helping with the more technical side of things while also writing for the magazine itself.

resident author

Page Credits

11 - 17 (text), 29 (text)

www.furaffinity.net/user/losian

CALEB

Caleb is an artist who works heavily in traditional media and fine art, though she would say her favorite is a tie between ceramics and oils. Despite that, she is ever interested in expanding herself artistically, eagerly exploring new themes with new methods, while more recently diving deep into digital art, excited about it being a very flexible and accessible medium. She is quite fond of monsters and beasts of all sorts, and thus all the more excited to contribute to Monstropolis.

resident artist

Page Credits

1 (art), 4 - 8 (all)

www.furaffinity.net/user/calebsharpteef

PHOE

Phoenix T'ril is an avid writer whose style conveys an excellent voice and tone, balancing ease of reading with interesting to read! His writing is far from limited to the more sexual and unusual, however, even if he does enjoy diving into some rather odd and dark themes at times! Considering the sorts of strange subject matter he enjoys writing about his cooperation with Monstropolis was a given.

guest author

Page Credits

21 - 27 (text)

www.furaffinity.net/user/phoenixtril